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Contents

The Week 129

Editorials

The Fruits of Intimidation..... 132
Throwing One's Vote Away..... 134
Discriminating Against the Japanese..... 135
No Shipping War Yet..... 136
Thou Shalt Not Unionize..... 137

General Articles

French Policy and Peace in Europe.....
.....Felix Frankfurter 138
The Front Porch in Marion.....Charles Merz 140
A Political Upheaval in China....John Dewey 142
Literary Taste in America.....St. John Ervine 144
Morning Song with Drums (Verse).....
.....Amy Lowell 147

Correspondence 148

Reviews of Books

A Campaign Biography.....P. L. 149
Three New Realists.....R. F. A. H. 150
The Negro Faces America.....L. B. W. 151
No. 26 Jayne Street.....J. C. L. 152

The Week

ENEMIES of the League may think that they have at last got out of Harding a fairly unequivocal pronouncement on their side. "I do know this one thing definitely, however. The Democratic nominee says he is in favor of going into the League as it was fashioned at Versailles. I am not in favor of going into that League. When I am elected President the first thing I'll do is to try to find a plan for an association of nations behind which all America will stand." Examined closely, however, that pronouncement, like everything else that emanates from Harding, is a blank check. What will be written in depends on what Harding means by "all America." We venture the guess that after election Root, Wickersham and Taft, and not Johnson and Borah, will be taken as representative of "all America."

HARDING is not at home in the League discussion. If he is at home anywhere, it is in traditional protectionism. Like all protectionists since the invention of economic fallacies, Harding tacitly assumes that exports are a benefit and imports are a loss. The nine billions and more of foreign government notes held in the United States treasury are therefore a source of great worry and confusion to him. They can not be paid in any other way than by the import of goods into the United States. "But a flood of imports from debtor countries . . . would be a bitter experience for the creditor country. It would be incomparably better for our credits to remain uncollected, and our balances to be waived, than for liquidation to take the form of an undermining flood of imports." Free traders have often asserted that the protectionist logic leads inevitably to this extreme of absurdity. Before Harding, however, it was hard to find a real, living protectionist content to figure in history as a reductio ad absurdum.

AGAIN the New York Assembly has sought to vindicate the integrity of republican institutions by unseating regularly elected Socialist representatives. Again the New York Socialist party exults in the fact that the major parties have stamped it as the defender of democracy in government. But the circumstances of the second expulsion are not the same. Last winter it was the Republican leaders like Speaker Sweet, prompted by Attorney-General Newton and the Lusk Committee, who originated and were chiefly responsible for this illuminating method of vindicating democracy, while the whole influence of Governor Smith was exerted in opposition to the plan. But this fall there is less difference between the behavior and responsibility of the two major parties. When the Socialists applied to their constituents for reelection the two party machines fused against them and so testified to the insignificance of the difference between machine Democracy and machine Republicanism. When they were elected and the Assembly reassembled, the Republican leaders actually tried to quiet the ghost they had raised. It was an essentially bi-partisan majority in the Assembly who refused to backslide and again vindicated bi-partisan democracy by refusing to seat the members of a minority party. It has supplied one more

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illustration of the old truth that democrats should beware when the two major parties sink their differences and unite in an "union sacré" on some measure of public policy.

IN spite of the clear bi-partisan responsibility for this betrayal of democracy, we still believe, as we believed last spring, that Governor Smith's behavior in this matter, coupled with his veto of the Lusk bills, places liberal voters under a peculiar obligation to him. They can find persuasive reasons for supporting him which do not apply to other Democratic candidates. His Tammany connections have not prevented him in this and in other respects from doing his best to make the government of New York State a more efficient and economical agent of public interest. On the other hand the Republican majority in the Legislature has not only passed the Lusk bills, but it has consistently refused to pass all the bills for social welfare and administrative reform, which the Governor approved. When Mr. Elihu Root, four years ago, compared the government of New York State to that of Venezuela, he was thinking of the kind of politics which the Republican majority at Albany seems irresistibly impelled to play. Inasmuch as the reelection of a Republican legislative majority seems practically certain, the one way in which liberal voters may prevent this Republican ring from capturing the state government is to lend their support to Governor Smith.

AN argument now current among Cox liberals runs like this (New York Evening Post, Saturday, September 22nd):

> The New Republic finds it natural to point out that the German people is not responsible for the crimes of its rulers, but Cox is responsible for the crimes of Woodrow Wilson.

Now, in order to make the analogy between the Democrats and the Germans accurate, a few amendments are necessary. We should have to propose that all Democrats, not merely Democratic politicians, lose a large part of their civil rights, that all living Democrats and their children and millions unborn shall pay the whole surplus of their labor to the Republicans, and at the same time shall be prevented from competing with Republicans in most lines of business. When the New Republic proposes to treat Democrats that way, the analogy will begin to mean something. As it stands, the only way the analogy can be made to work would be by arguing that since the German people ought not to be punished vindictively, therefore the German government should be invited immediately to resume the mastery of Europe. The Evening Post may feel that way about the Germans. The New Republic does not. For, while it wishes to see the German people remain intact and independent, with an opportunity to work, it is glad to see German diplomacy take a back seat for a considerable time.

THE thinking apparatus of the Evening Post was out of kilter on September 22nd. Look at this:

> In the former case (Harding's election) the liberal would know just what to expect. No one would be disillusioned. (Quoted from the New Republic.)

Comment by the Post:

> Sometimes the suspicion grows that a liberal would be rather put out if he were not disillusioned.

Comment by the New Republic:

> Thanks for the compliment. The usual complaint, not without some foundation, is that liberals hug their illusions. If they are overcoming that fault, how splendid.

BUT the reader of the two preceding paragrahps will seriously misconceive the Evening Post under its present management, if he judges it by its partisan editorials. The real test of a newspaper is in its news columns, and the Evening Post has just gone triumphantly through a severe test. The Wall Street explosion furnished that test. The catastrophe happened under the windows of the owner of the Evening Post, as close to Mr. Lamont as the bomb on Mr. Palmer's stoop was to Mr. Palmer. It would have been human for the editors of the Evening Post to fly into a panic and accuse everyone they disliked of complicity in the outrage. But nothing of the kind happened. The Evening Post has been the foremost influence for sanity in New York City, the calmest, the least hysterical, the most open-minded in its desire to sift the evidence. It displayed the same courage which made the soldier at the front ever so much more civilized than the raging civilian at home. It won the respect and confidence of all those who, while admitting that "human nature" must influence "news," would prefer that human nature to be self-possessed and disciplined.

THE number of sincere and enlightened progressive candidates who are running on the Democratic or Republican tickets for office this fall is not numerous, but there are a few. Conspicuous among them is Raymond Stevens, whom the Democrats have nominated as their candidate for Senator in New Hampshire. Mr. Stevens shines by contrast with his opponent, Senator Moses, who is as much of a reactionary as Senator Harding and more of a machine politician, but he would shine by contrast

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with far abler and better men than Senator Moses. His record both as a member of Congress and as Shipping Commissioner testify to his ability, to his standard of public service, to the rare honesty of his intelligence, and finally to his thoroughgoing liberalism. The voters of New Hampshire are fortunate in having the opportunity of electing a Senatorial candidate who is fully entitled to the positive one hundred per cent preference of progressives.

PRICES are at last on the downward curve, and almost everybody is pleased. Not even those who appeared to profit from the recent high levels are bewailing the decline, because they had become conscious of a general slackening of demand, which argued the approach of business difficulties that might become serious. What the country needed, and what business needed too, was a bigger volume of transactions and a freer flow of goods. If that could be attained only through reduction in prices, such reduction was to be viewed as salutary, at least so long as it remained moderate. But will it remain moderate, or will the demand that held off because prices were too high now hold off in the belief that each cut in price is the forerunner of another? It is a commonplace of industrial history that buying is sluggish on a falling market. It may be that after a few weeks prices will stiffen again and business will proceed briskly on a new level not much below that of the present. But we are dealing here with one of the most obscure forces in economic life. Nobody knows exactly why prices began to fall. Nobody knows how far they will fall. There is no guarantee at all that we are not about to enter upon one of those long, discouraging periods of economic depression against which even the gods of the Republicans will struggle in vain.

COX and Harding and the various chambers of commerce and business men's leagues committed to the doctrine that it was profits taxation that raised prices have opportunity now for ingenious explanations of the fall of prices. They told us that producers and dealers had to put prices up by the measure of the tax, and more, in order to meet expenses and keep for themselves the earnings they needed. It is a fair presumption that profits are coming down now, in spite of the reluctance of business men. Perhaps it was only an illusion that they had the power to slap on additional increments of price when they felt they ought to have more income in order to meet taxes of a kind that would disappear as soon as profits were placed at a modest level. But that raises another question. If profits decline and the tax on them ceases to be productive, how are we to replace the revenue we had counted on from this source? Our treasury is not in a condition to forego the greater part of a billion dollars' revenue.

TWO distinct problems clamored for solution by the New York Legislature in its special session on housing. One was the devising of policies for increasing the number of houses and apartments, now very far short of the requirements of the population in most of our cities. The other problem was to keep landlords from exacting unreasonable rents for the limited supply of accommodations on hand. The Legislature grappled seriously with the second problem. If the constitutionality of its action is upheld, the landlords will find themselves decidedly handicapped in their plans for raising rents. And in any event, the opposition on the part of tenants to increased rents will be fortified by the sense that the Legislature has in effect pronounced unjustifiable any marked increase, not referable to increased cost of operation or improvement. As for the first problem, the Legislature gave it up. There is to be an inquiry into the possibility of diverting a greater share of savings and insurance funds to the housing field, and another inquiry into the alleged combination among building materials manufacturers and dealers. But no early relief from the housing shortage can be expected from those inquiries. Defenders of the old order may argue that no conceivable stimulus to building that might result from the prosecution of the material men or from enforced investments in real estate mortgages could counterbalance the effect of the restrictions upon real estate profits imposed in the rent laws. There is some justice in the argument. The Legislature refused to trust to the profit-making motive to supply housing accommodations, but it failed to bring into the field any other force to take the place of that motive.

MILLERAND, while accepting for the time all the limitations that go with the presidency of the French Republic, serves notice that he means to win for the presidency a sphere of real power, if he can. In order that the will of the people may be executed and respected, he declares, "there is need of free executive power under the control of Parliament and an independent judiciary." That would mean a decided movement away from the parliamentary form of republican government and toward the presidential form, with separation of powers, as exemplified in our own government. In his presidential address to the Chambers Millerand tells them that they must choose the time

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to bring about the desired modifications in the constitution. In the meantime the official press labors unremittingly to create in the public mind distrust in the present system, under which the "politicians" in the Chambers by clever manœuvering may change the whole color of governmental policy over night.

MELEYGUES, the new premier, is in effect a personal appointee of Millerand, committed to carry out Millerand's policy at every point. He promises "to strengthen and improve our republican institutions," which means conferring the desired powers upon the president. He will "exact a strict application of treaties," which means that the movement for revising the Treaty of Versailles will be as stubbornly opposed by him as it was by Millerand. He wishes to make of the League of Nations "a living, powerful organism to end the era of great wars." But he does not mean to entrust the safety of France to any league. On the contrary, he proposes "to constitute the army and navy as part of our policy to maintain our prestige at the height to which it has been lifted by our victory." Those who have seen a grave European danger in French policy under Millerand have no present reason for feeling reassured. And the new government has the confidence of the Chamber, by a vote of 507 to 80. But underneath all this apparent harmony and good will, there are extremely active personal and party ambitions waiting for their time. Briand is quiet just now, but it would be extremely interesting to know what is going on in his mind.

The Fruits of Intimidation

> "The administration should not escape rebuke for its flagrant disregard of the fundamental principles of liberty. It has talked much of democracy and liberty, but these have been betrayed in its own house. We have been amazed at the abuses scathingly denounced by the Federal Court in Boston. We have burned with shame and indignation as we have read the report of the Committee of Twelve, including distinguished deans of law schools and eminent professors of law, charging and specifying atrocities committed by an American government on American soil in the course of pretended vindication of American institutions by the Department of Justice."

THE foregoing words from a recent speech of Mr. Charles Evans Hughes offer a cheering and refreshing contrast to the scrupulous avoidance of tangible criticisms and pledges which characterize the usual politician's utterance on the subject of freedom of opinion and speech. There is, of course, no Republican or Democratic leader, not excluding Mitchell Palmer and Speaker Sweet, who no matter how vigorously and unscrupulously he has insisted on suppressing opinion, does not offer a lip tribute to the great American constitutional principle of freedom of speech. But such general endorsements mean less than nothing at a time when actual practice is grossly violating those definite rules of toleration which the experience of other nations has proved indispensable to the positive vitality of public opinion. The peculiar service which Mr. Hughes is rendering to the nation is that almost alone among the prominent Republican lawyers he has the rectitude and courage to denounce specific acts of intolerance and violence, which at the time they were committed were usually approved by the majority of educated and well-to-do Americans. His opposition to the unseating of the Socialist Assemblymen at Albany is the most conspicuous of these services, but in the passage quoted above he has gone further and attacked a more popular and more insidious attempt to intimidate opinion. The document which causes Mr. Hughes "to burn with shame and indignation" is an exposure of Mitchell Palmer when he was seeing "red." It is the criticism by twelve American lawyers of the lawless oppression by the Department of Justice of innocent and inoffensive people whom its agents suspected of cherishing radical opinions.

The failure of the regular Republican speakers with Senator Harding at their head to criticize the activities of the Department of Justice, which the federal courts have denounced as lawless, is the more conspicuous because of the general nature of the Republican attack on President Wilson. The Republicans indict the Wilson administration chiefly for arbitrary personal government. There is much in this indictment which the student of politics cannot take very seriously. The opposing party has always leveled this charge against Presidents, such as Jackson and Roosevelt, who ignored and defied Congress and insisted on assuming the leadership of American public opinion. But in respect to the activities of Burleson and Palmer it is wholly justified. The Department of Justice in its warfare on radical opinion has copied all the practices which arbitrary European governments have habitually used to accomplish a similar result. Its behavior is a consummate example of the violation with impunity of the rights of individuals at the discretion of ignorant and unscrupulous officials and on the general theory of the infallibility of those who act in the name of the state. Yet neither Senator Harding, who resents all "meddling" by officials with the individual business man, nor his running

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mate who drips with traditional Americanism nor —except Mr. Hughes, Mr. Beveridge and a few progressive Senators—any prominent Republican speaker, have criticized the Democratic administration for its unpardonable assault on government by public opinion and its most monstrous exploits in arbitrary officialdom.

This is only one of the many current illustrations that the two major parties are now fighting a sham battle. They instinctively draw together and smother their differences just as soon as any really fundamental political or economic question turns up for discussion. The campaign will be notorious in American history for evasion or suppression of living significant issues, for its want of educational value and for the apathetic indifference of public opinion. The Republicans, for instance, exhibit the liveliest animosity against the President. They have scoured his record for incidents that may be used to his discredit. Yet they ignore many of his most inexcusable acts. They pass over in silence the breach of faith involved by the acquiescence of the statesman who induced the Germans to lay down their arms by promising them fair treatment in the provisions of the Carthaginian peace. They never refer to the pledge which the administration broke when it obtained an injunction under the Lever act against the coal miners. They do not criticize the administration for its hasty abandonment after the signature of the armistice of the public controls of business, in spite of the fact that the economic conditions which had necessitated these controls continued in almost undiminished force and that some control constituted the most effective protection of the consumer against profiteering. In all these cases the party in opposition has shirked needed criticism of the party in power because it, too, was willing to break pledges to Germans and trades-unionists and because both parties conceived popular economic welfare excluclusively in terms of prosperous private business.

The almost complete suppression of any clash of opinion about the cost of living between the two major parties during the present campaign is an extraordinary and significant anomaly in American party government. All over the country the American people are preoccupied to the point of an obsession with the unprecedented rise in prices, with the relation of labor to the community and with the vicissitudes and uncertainties of the economic position of individuals and professional groups. They crave light and leading about such matters on the part of those who should speak with authority. They do not get it. The politicians have steered the campaign clear of any vital difference of opinion about current economic and social problems. The two major candidates conspire to frustrate the dangerous popular interest in economic fundamentals by uttering non-committal and perfunctory platitudes. The admitted existence of gross profiteering, the disconcerting fluctuations in the price levels and the radical social unrest raise questions with which the Republican and Democratic parties, devoted as they are to the maintenance intact of existing economic and political institutions, do not dare to deal except with weasel words and trivial makeshifts.

The Republicans, like the Democrats, were victims of the panic which swept over the country a year ago and whose temper Mr. Palmer did his best to translate into action. They participated in and approved the intimidation of opinion and the suppression of heretical minorities. They amiably overlooked the use of lawless means by the agents of the law so long as lawlessness was used to stamp out the increasing disposition to challenge existing social institutions. Of course this ready and complacent acquiescence in violence was in part a legacy from the war. The Liberty Loan campaigns and the deliberate propaganda of intolerance accustomed the American mind to the ruthless suppression or intimidation of any departure from the orthodox prevailing opinion about what was or was not necessary to the national safety. The intimidation was continued after the war ostensibly to stamp out revolutionary agitation but it conveniently served at the same time to teach the restless and unruly elements in organized labor the inadvisability of challenging the existing government of American industry. The method was wonderfully successful. It worked most perfectly in the case of the steel strike to which a lying propaganda attached a revolutionary impulse and which was suppressed with the connivance of both the federal and state authorities of Pennsylvania. It undoubtedly succeeded in scaring the leaders of all the unions into immediate amenability. Unfortunately, like all lying propaganda and all intimidation, it achieved its most brilliant success in preventing its perpetrators rather than its victims from using their minds. The political and business leaders of the country deceived themselves by their own propaganda and intimidated themselves by the violence of their own attitude. They became incapable of thoroughgoing, realistic, disinterested investigation of current discontents. They refuse, as friends of the existing order, candidly to discuss abuses and discontents, because they are afraid of supplying ammunition to its enemies. That is in part why there is no vital clash of opinion between the two major parties during the present campaign. That is why the American people during a peculiarly

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dangerous condition of social unrest are deriving no benefit from the quadrennial discussion of their critical national problems. For the intimidation of opinion which Mr. Hughes denounces and the rest of the Republicans ignore impairs grievously the vitality of those democratic institutions which its perpetrators are pretending to defend.

Throwing One's Vote Away

IF our old eighteenth century friend could come to life again, and should feel inclined to go on with his Letters from a Citizen of the World to his Friends in the East, he might be not a little puzzled to account for this country's right-about-face. In 1917, on his first visit to the United States, he would have described us to his fellow Chinamen as a people whose sacrifices were enormous, unless you compared them with the sacrifices made and still making by every other great nation. We were lending money and giving what is worth more than money to our government. We were sending our young men to battle and sudden death. We were surrendering without overmuch grumbling liberty after liberty that our fathers had struggled long and fought for. We were doing these things partly from self-interest, and partly because millions among us had seen a strange light in the East, because we hoped a new day was breaking upon a new world.

Such is the picture *our* Chinese observer might have drawn, a picture somewhat flattering yet unmistakably a likeness, of the United States in 1917. His picture of the United States today, if equally like, would scarcely be recognizable in China as a portrait of the same sitter. The tide of idealism has ebbed. We stroll along the beach negligently, and find a small object on the sands that are not dry yet. We look closer; it is a man. For several years the seas of idealism have been buffeting him about. High hopes of the future have broken over him, soused him with their spray, rolled him down their hollows, tossed him toward the sky. We look at him more closely. So far from being deeply taught or changed by what has happened to him, he is not even wetted by all those seas. He is dry. Perfectly dry. We pick him up and make him Republican candidate for President. We all knew he was nobody in particular, but his function as a candidate is to prove himself more so than we had supposed. His mind, revealed bit by bit, day by day, contains nothing that might not have been its furniture in 1885. The new ideas he is hostile to now are not the new ideas he would have been hostile to then—that is the only difference. And the oftener he proves by his speeches that he can neither think nor express himself, the better his chance grows of sweeping the country next month.

Three years ago, or even less, the idealism that Mr. Wilson put into words for us, and gave direction and definition to, and taught us more of—had not he and we some excuse for mistaking it for a faith strong enough to remove mountains of habit and selfishness and greed? In those days many of us were certain that the star he bade us gaze at and aspire after was the high white star of truth. In spite of Mr. Wilson's glibness, in spite of the sacrosanctity he wore on his shirt front—where it glittered suspiciously, a diamond too large not to incur suspicion—there was a fine upland poetry in his sincere aspiration to a better world. And the heir to this partly squandered idealism, the new preacher of this high gospel, is only Mr. Cox. Compared to Mr. Harding he is a master of clear speech. Compared to Mr. Harding's tea-cup mind Mr. Cox's mind is large. But contrast his League of Nations utterances with the things Mr. Wilson was saying and writing in the days before Versailles! A rowing-tank mind is larger than a tea-cup, but it seems small after the open sea. As a scapegoat, upon whom we are even now laying the sins of Mr. Wilson at Versailles, and the sins of his subordinate Mr. Palmer, at home, Mr. Cox looks equally undersized. Never did a smaller animal start for the wilderness under a heavier load.

An intelligent conservative who votes for Mr. Harding will do so regretting that the fates did not give conservatism a more intelligent candidate. A supporter of the League of Nations, although bound to vote for Mr. Cox, will do so regretting that a cause he thinks so great has not a champion built on larger lines. But are those among us in much better case who wish to throw our votes away, as we call that form of protest which tries to influence not the result but opinion upon the result, and in this way to change the result in some future or other? Mr. Debs has a fiery and pitying nature. He has been and may again be a useful agitator. Of late he has been greatly wronged. But have not many of us protested, not once but many times, against the folly of taking an agitator off his own job and setting him up as an administrator and executor? Is there not for many of us an intellectual discomfort in voting for a man we should never think of voting for if he had a chance of winning? Except symbolically, except as a producer of fear-thoughts, Mr. Debs' election would be absurd. There is no reason to suppose he could run for one month our complicated governmental machine. Mr. Christensen? Still an unknown

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quantity. Why should we vote for him, except perhaps that he may be the forerunner of a candidate whom we can support for his own sake?

Our traveler from China, studying our wishes and our impotence to make them clear at the polls, might have a remedy to offer. "This year," he might say, "many of the Americans wish to vote against several things and persons without voting for any person or thing. Were it my business to suggest a way out, I should recommend such a change in their election laws as would enable any voter, provided he cast no vote for any Presidential electors, to cast two or three negative votes of protest, and to have his protests recorded and published. Such a change, were it now in effect, would give him a chance to vote against Mr. Wilson and against Mr. Harding, for example, without voting for anybody. Thus the voter would be in a position to give pain to someone without helping anyone. The power to do this, according to Occidental psychologists, is an immense solace to an angry and disgusted mind."

Discriminating Against the Japanese

IT is the right and duty of Japan to keep a watchful eye upon the interests of her nationals domiciled abroad. The state of California is soon to vote upon a number of initiative measures that affect the interests of Japanese residents. If a Mexican state were planning to apply similar measures to American citizens our government would be obliged to inquire into the matter, and probably it would find grounds for protest. We should be protesting against the acts of a weak nation, and Japan is protesting against the acts of a strong nation. But that has nothing to do with the equities of the case.

We believe that any observations the Japanese government cares to make ought to receive a respectful hearing, not only from our government but from our people. A good understanding between the Japanese and the American peoples is vital to the peace of the world. We are the two remaining great Powers that have not really learned the bitter meaning of war. We are both ambitious for an even greater role in the future than was accorded us in the past. Japan in Asia, America in Latin America, always run the risk of exhibiting a degree of unconscious arrogance hard to be borne by other nations. In the trade of the Pacific the two nations are bound to be active competitors, although we hope fair and peaceful competitors. Therefore, it behooves us to employ the utmost tact in dealing with such matters as the California land question.

But we have a right to expect the Japanese also to apply tact and common sense to the problem. They have talked a great deal about their national sensibilities. Why do they not assume a realistic attitude, and talk about their interests? They have accepted the exclusion of Japanese laborers as a fact. That involved indeed a discrimination, which on principle they declared offensive to them. But by effecting exclusion through a "gentlemen's agreement," not through treaty or through an American law, they were able to swallow discrimination without offense. Also, they were able to keep the question open indefinitely, to becloud the relations between the two Powers. So long as nothing but an agreement that can be abrogated at will stands between the Pacific states and a flood of Japanese immigration, not only the politicians, but the mass of the people of those states will think of Japan and the Japanese as a menace. There would probably have been no anti-Japanese land laws if exclusion had been placed on a treaty or a statutory basis.

It was not, and now we have not only land laws that are harshly discriminatory, but we are certain, after the election, to have still harsher laws. Would a realistic Japanese statecraft protest? Yes, but not so much against the fact of discrimination as against the destruction of interests legitimately acquired prior to the acts. If the measures to be voted on by California inflict substantial injury upon Japanese, that injury must have a definite pecuniary value. Those who are injured ought to be indemnified, and Japan ought to press their claims for indemnification. They may not be valid in international law, but they are valid in equity, and the American government could not afford to repudiate equitable claims.

But that would leave the matter of discrimination unaffected. Yes, but so long as the world is organized under national states, each bent on realizing its own destiny, there must remain discriminations between the nationals of the several Powers which are not the proper object of diplomatic intervention. Every nation must determine its own population policy. That implies freedom to discriminate in matters of immigration. Else it might become the subject of colonization and lose its identity, or it might suffer such profound changes in its economic and social structure as to lose its character. Not even the most ardent cosmopolitans would desire America to endure passively the complete Orientalization of the Pacific states. That is not a present danger? No, thanks to the kind of discriminations that are already in force.

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No less must every self-conscious nation be free to determine what kind of people shall hold its agricultural lands. The trading and industrial laborers of the cities may come and go, but the agricultural population tends to remain fixed. It is the chief source of the future population of the state. The modern city is perhaps not a mere consumer of population, but it is in the country where births greatly exceed deaths. The city is the arresting feature of our present national life, but the future belongs to the country. Our statecraft may not clearly recognize this relation, but the public sentiment which in the end must make itself felt in statecraft is vaguely conscious of it.

Discriminations in respect to the kind of people who shall be absorbed into our national life, and above all, discriminations as to the kind of people who shall occupy the controlling position represented by agricultural tenure, are of the essence of nationalism. It may be that we are foolish in preferring Italians and Serbs and Syrians to the Japanese, as constituent elements of our future population. It may be that we are hysterical over a small matter when we refuse to permit the few Japanese in this country to own lands. But these are matters for Americans to settle among themselves without pressure from outside. If our disposition of them prejudices the interests of the nationals of other states, those states ought to press upon us the duty of adequate indemnification. But no good will come, in the long run, of anything beyond this. If Japanese diplomacy succeeded in forcing California to revoke her alien land laws, the only abiding result would be an increasing antagonism to the Japanese that would tend toward discrimination in shipping and trade, where it is really an international matter, and toward the friction that makes for war.

No Shipping War Yet

IN refusing to denounce those provisions of our commercial treaties that restrict our right to discriminate against foreign bottoms, the President takes his stand on constitutional grounds. He holds that Congress cannot require the President to take action lying within the field of the treaty-making power. But behind his insistence upon his constitutional prerogative lies a deep-seated objection to the object Congress sought to attain through the denunciation of the treaty provisions. Such action would throw our whole system of commercial treaties into confusion. The provisions in question were not extorted from us without a quid pro quo. To repudiate them might not necessarily be, as Secretary Colby suggests, a violation of the sanctity of treaties, since the other contracting parties would be in a position to withdraw whatever privileges they had extended to us. But there is no question that such a summary handling of treaties, some of them of generations' standing, would have made for international ill will. The President exhibited courage and wisdom in standing out against such action. If we are to enter upon a policy of discrimination in shipping, at least we ought to take time to denounce our commercial treaties in their entirety and to prepare ourselves to negotiate other treaties on a new basis.

But if we take the time necessary for carrying through a transformation of our treaty structure, shall we still feel that it would be worth our while to enter upon a policy of discrimination?

Even granting that some kind of government aid to shipping is desirable, is the discriminatory duty the best kind? Fortunately in this case we need not deal in hypothetical argument. The building up of a national merchant marine through discriminatory duties is a policy with a long history. The practice was almost universal, from the opening of the modern era down to the early nineteenth century. It was then universally abandoned on the ground that it was wasteful, cumbersome and injurious to the general interest of ocean transportation.

If America levies additional duties of, say, ten per cent on goods imported in foreign bottoms, she will assure to American bottoms a monopoly of the import of all goods of high value. Even in the case of goods of low value American bottoms would be able to take the greater part of the freight away from their foreign competitors. Unless American shipping costs were very much higher than foreign, the whole of our import trade would gradually drift into the hands of our own shippers. But we might be certain that foreign nations would retaliate by discriminatory duties that would drive us out of their import trade. We could carry goods from Europe, but not to Europe. And in the end about one-half the world's shipping would be crossing the seas in ballast, while the other half would have to charge freights heavy enough to make up for the huge waste involved.

We hear much of the loss in productive efficiency that follows upon the alleged policy of union labor in suppressing labor-saving improvements. We feel that society at large should not be required to suffer from dear goods as a mere incident to union tactics designed to draw to labor a larger share of the product. The discriminatory provisions of the Jones act sought to draw a larger share of the carrying trade to America, through tactics that would practically cut in two the effi-

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ciency of the whole ocean carrying trade. Americans wish their merchant marine to prosper. But they have a right to demand that the promoters of the merchant marine devise means for its encouragement that are not utterly wasteful and abhorrent to the spirit of economic progress. In refusing to denounce the treaties the President has given Congress an opportunity to reconsider the principles involved. We trust that on second thought Congress will find other policies than those already discredited a hundred years ago.

Thou Shalt Not Unionize

TO most readers of the daily press, the recently announced decision of a West Virginia court enjoining the United Mine Workers from endeavoring to unionize a non-union mine, will look like a freak of West Virginia jurisprudence, attributable, perhaps, to the peculiarly backward views of that corporation-ridden community. Even those who believe that a corporation is pursuing a wise policy when it discharges all union men from its employ will generally concede that although unionism may be an offense to Mr. Gary, it is not an offense against the law. So long as union organizers do not employ or instigate physical violence, or intimidation, or other lawless methods, so long as they use only peaceful means of persuasion and publicity, or reasonable economic pressure, the law should treat them just as it treats competing business men: a free field, and let the best man win. That a court of law and equity can issue forth its powerful writ decreeing that all officers and agents of a great national labor union shall thenceforth and forever after refrain from all attempt to persuade the plaintiff's employees to join the union, under penalty of fine and jail if the injunction is disobeyed, will be a shock to anyone who has ever felt the strength of the American tradition of liberty under the law.

Yet the West Virginia court was merely applying a precedent established three years ago by the Supreme Court of the United States, and now an integral part of our federal law. In the case of Hitchman Coal & Coke Corporation vs. Mitchell, in 1917, the highest court of the land wrote into our American jurisprudence a new kind of legal wrong, namely, "unionizing the plaintiff's mine without its consent." It sanctioned an injunction which, among other things, threatened jail to any official of the union convicted of "knowingly and wilfully enticing plaintiff's employees, present or future [sic], to leave plaintiff's service on the ground that plaintiff does not recognize the United Mine Workers of America or runs a non-union mine."

The decision was written by Mr. Justice Pitney, formerly a New Jersey judge, and it incorporated into the law of the United States the worst feature of the law of a state well known for its reactionary labor law. With the possible exception of Massachusetts, no state had so reactionary a judicial record in labor litigation as New Jersey; yet it was to Massachusetts and New Jersey that the Supreme Court went for guiding precedents. Since then the decision of the Supreme Court has itself become a precedent cited on the reactionary side in virtually every labor litigation in the United States.

Reactionary employers have not been slow to see their opportunity. All that is necessary is to assume publicly and formally the status of a non-union firm, and you are exempt, under the decision, from union propaganda. The best way appears to be to compel your employees to sign cards declaring that they will not, while in your employ, join any union. Then when union agitation begins, go to court and get an injunction, and have any union official who speaks to your employees jailed for contempt. These so-called "individual contracts" have been adopted in anti-union industries all over the country, and have already been a potent weapon in the war against union labor.

If there were no other reason why the labor union should actively enter politics as an organized force, the decision of the Supreme Court in the Hitchman case, and of lower courts in decisions following that precedent, should be sufficient. That decision will stand as the law of the land until it is reversed by legislation, and the labor unions of the country cannot be so fatuous as to suppose that either Congressmen or state legislators will act in the matter unless they acquire a much greater respect for the labor vote than they at present entertain.

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French Policy and Peace in Europe

NO candid student of present-day Europe will deny that the centres of disturbance of the peace of Europe and of the world are Moscow and Paris, and to no little degree Paris determines the pace of Moscow. Nothing will so hasten the appeasement of Europe, or bring about that cooperation of all its peoples, which alone means reconstruction, as the deflation of French imperialism and French chauvinism. Such is the predominant opinion of responsible thinkers and statesmen outside of France. Especially is it the opinion of the statesmen of those small nationalities for whose liberation the war was partly waged, and who now are closest to the keen edge of continuing conflict.

The governors of France must be made to hear this opinion, but so far little heed has been paid to foreign publicists and politicians, even those most devoted to France. The opinion of such men is feeble against the pressure of military advisers, and a policy of power and financial evasion.

A privileged friend of France would venture to address those responsible for her destiny on three phases of her present policy. All three concern the security of France as intimately as they are bound up with the attainment of peace in Europe.

1. France should consciously seek to promote peace and cease to stir up strife. Just as Germany for two decades was the black cloud on the European horizon, so France, through her conduct since the armistice and the Treaty of Versailles, is steadily assuming the role of ominousness. For as long as Germany lives under the Damocles sword of French intervention, unrest will undoubtedly prevail in Europe.

The incidents of German provocation exploited by the French press at home and abroad are well known. The misbehavior before the French Embassy in Berlin, the seizure of the French Consulate at Breslau, are obvious occasions for stirring up patriotic passions. But French statesmen will recall Napoleon's dictum that incidents must not control policy. Moreover, before judging even such mob behavior as that at Breslau, one would like to know more about the provocations by General LeRond in Upper Silesia which preceded. It would be necessary to know the whole course of French pin-pricking and propaganda in the Saar. There can be no doubt that French policy has systematically ignored the wise admonition of General Botha, at Paris, that the sensibilities even of a conquered people should not be exasperated unduly.

Even if each separate item of provocation can be explained away, the fact remains that France is creating an atmosphere of ill will and resentment which in due course will justify her fear of German revanche. Every faction of German life, including those Independent Socialists, who long before the close of the war dissociated themselves from German militarism by refusing to vote war credits, is convinced that France is on the alert for a plausible excuse to occupy the Ruhr. And the occupation of the Ruhr means war, and civil war, in Germany.

If this analysis of French policy and its consequences represented merely unanimous German opinion, it might be discounted. But these considerations influenced Mr. Lloyd George not a little. They also represent the opinion of the best Allied statesmanship outside of Paris.

Not merely in Germany does French influence make for strife instead of peace. Those who base their opinions as to European affairs on prejudices untempered by facts believe that France saved Poland and Europe the fall of Moscow. But to those for whom facts matter, it is now common knowledge that but for France there would have been no Russo-Polish conflict. It is less commonly known that France sought to embroil even Hungary and Bulgaria, ex-enemy states, in the conflict against Russia, and thereby engulf the whole structure of Europe east of the Rhine. True enough, the French Foreign Office is prepared to deny this, but it is also true that the Foreign Offices of southern and mid-Europe treat such disavowal merely as a diplomatic denial.

With such a policy and in such an atmosphere the peace of Europe cannot be revived. However much the smaller states may move out of the French orbit and chart a course of concord and cooperation of their own, those who by sacrifice and sagacity are entitled to speak to the world and to be listened to—prophet-statesmen like General Smuts, President Masaryk and Lord Robert Cecil—have warned us again and again that peace will come slowly and only through the energies of wisdom and good will. Sick Europe needs a recuperative statesmanship based on a policy farsighted and generous. Who that knows intimately the ways of Europe today will dare deny that pres-

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ent French policy is short-sighted and ungenerous?

Fear and force appear to be its motives. History makes intelligible this fear, and all who saw France during the war and after, must be tender of her feelings. For a generation she lived under German threat, and the war left her shell-shocked. Force seems her obvious answer for the future. But not by force will France find security against her reasonable fears. Do what she will, sixty odd millions of Germans, fused by a common sense of hostility, will always be more than forty million French. Equally just is her apprehension that before long Italy will outnumber her. But despite the failure of a putative League of Nations, the guarantee of peace, and above all, France's guarantee, still remains a real League of Nations and not force.

2. It is a monotonous commonplace that Germany and Europe cannot settle down to productivity until the world knows Germany's obligations under the Treaty. That the reparations should be definite in amount and capable of payment was the position of the American financial advisers at the Peace Conference. The pressure of politics, French and English, defeated America's right attitude.

Time has made it only more urgent that elementary economic considerations demanding the fixation of reparation should be respected. Secretary Glass stated the matter as follows last January:

> There is no more logical or practical step toward solving their own reconstruction problems than for the Allies to give value to their indemnity claims against Germany by reducing those claims to a determinate amount which Germany may be reasonably expected to pay, and then for Germany to issue obligations for such amount and be set free to work it out. . . . The maintenance of claims which cannot be paid causes apprehension and serves no useful purpose.

To the same effect the Supreme Council, in its economic declaration March 8, 1920, at least in principle, announced the position of the great Powers:

> They [the Powers] have also had under consideration the special position of Germany, where enterprise is at present paralyzed and the possibility of obtaining commercial credit closed, by reason of the fact that her obligations for reparation are still totally unknown. It is most desirable, therefore, in the interests of the Allied countries, no less than in that of Germany, that at the earliest possible moment the total of the reparation payments to be made by Germany under the Treaty of Versailles should be fixed.

More than six months have elapsed since this declaration and nothing has happened. The urgency of the situation has now been pressed upon the International Financial Conference at Brussels in a report submitted by Professor Cassel of Sweden:

> It is also important that the obligations of Germany under the title of indemnity should be fixed. This involves that some scheme for yearly payments for a definite period should be fixed in relation to Germany's capacity to pay. . . . Germany's capacity to pay is in itself an undetermined question so long as the way in which Germany is going to be treated is not clearly decided upon. . . . A definite answer to this question is of the greatest interest, not only for Germany, but for the Powers claiming indemnity, and, not least, for the lenders who may be called upon to give their money to the task of restoring soundness and effectivity to European economic life. In the question of indemnity as in that of international loans, it is essential that it should be generally recognized that the money which can be expected to come forward has to be taken out of future income, not out of any accumulated capital, and that income represents necessarily the results of production and trade.

The obstacle in the way of this step to peace is again France. French statesmen, and particularly French Ministers of Finance, will not face the truth, that it is not through German money that France must repair her finances. They are simply trying to postpone the necessity of drawing upon French resources for what Frenchmen have been told would come out of German reparations. If France would join Great Britain in fixing an amount payable by Germany, a great step would be taken in furthering the peace of Europe.

3. Not even an over-subscribed loan in the United States can disguise the unhealthy condition of French finance. The prevailing exchange tells a true tale. The note circulation of France makes it a twice-told tale. That the note circulation of France should have increased from £230,000,000 in 1913 to £1,500,000,000 in 1919,—an increase three times as large as that of Great Britain,—at once reveals the disease and part of its explanation.

That France should put her house in order would seem a matter for her own concern. Here, however, comes into play the relation between finance and policy. French finance concerns the outside world just because French statesmen are allowed to evade domestic problems through foreign policy. France's failure to tap her own resources, the meagerness of her taxes upon wealth compared with American and English taxing measures, is notorious. Nor is the situation remedied by her recent program of indirect taxation. Through impossible reparation and foreign enterprises French statesmen seek to attain what only

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a rigorous demand upon her own wealth can accomplish.

Militaristic policy in turn means increased expenditure. Thus in France the expenditure for the army in 1920 amounts to 5,000 millions of francs, whereas in 1914 it was only 1,200 millions. Translate this expenditure even with due regard to the changed price level into terms of policy, and it means, inter alia, the Russo-Polish war and Feisal's deposition in Syria. If they were compelled to face the economic problems at home, French statesmen would cease to pursue imperialistic will-o'-the-wisps. No less would this policy help bring relief to Europe's unrest and encourage the processes of peace.

Any criticism of French policy is offensive to those for whom France can do no wrong. But for those who differentiate between the French people and French politicians, and who are familiar with the present disruptive tendencies in France, a candid effort to turn French policy to the conquest of the peace of Europe is the truest measure of devotion to the traditions which bind the French and the American people.

How can American opinion be effective with French statesmen? Even they have a decent respect, if not for the opinion of mankind, at least for the opinion of influential America. For the present, diplomatic America is not influential America, however sad the fact may be. French politicians are Realpolitiker. Throughout the war the "idealism of Wilson" was a power. Since Versailles, French and European diplomacy, in general, has become indifferent to an "idealism" that consists merely of ignorant ideology. Pronouncements from our State Department are of far less interest to the Government of France than the announcements of our powerful financiers. At the moment a note addressed to the Quai d'Orsay signed "Morgan" is profoundly more potent than a note signed "Colby." Our leaders of finance, with tested devotion to France, *can* make themselves felt.

One is justified in urging that this dominant American influence with French public men should assert itself. Power carries with it responsibility. But beyond that, some of our ablest financiers, through their governmental and other public activities, have given pledge of wider interest in the peace of the world than finance. If the analysis here made of present French policy is accurate, one may rightly look to this dominant source of opinion for an effective interest in its correction. Nothing less than the peace of Europe is at stake. And the peace of Europe, American financiers tell us constantly, is our own vital concern.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

The Front Porch in Marion

ANOTHER week or two, and no more pilgrims. In Marion the dusk is falling. Delegations come and go: when Marion's day is done it will be said that Senator Harding has managed to align himself with the best of them. Out of the variety of his early experience and the capacity of his memory he has attained that personal touch which makes each stranger feel at home. For the band he recalls days when he himself once blew upon a horn. He tells the railway workers of boyhood longings to become an engineer and of a day he helped "wood up" on the old Atlantic and Great Western. The school teachers he reminds that once upon a time he taught a country school. For baseball players from Chicago he recalls his own experiences at first base. For veterans of the Spanish war he can recall "emotions in my breast the day the boys from Marion marched away . . . I remember also when the Maine was sunk." For delegates from certain native Indian tribes he has this message: "I wish I could take you about here and introduce you to the musical names in this section that all come from the Indian days. . . . I was raised along the banks of the old Olentangy." And for visitors from Richland County he can recall a Richland County grandmother on her way to market pursued by wolves—"I feel myself almost a part of Richland County."

The Senator is the ideal host.

You feel that, when you arrive in front of the green house in Mount Vernon Avenue with the wide porch that runs around the corner. There is a policeman on duty near the hedge. He does not warn you off the gravel lawn. He does not bid you keep your distance. To those visitors gathering on the walk before the house he points out marks of interest. "Yes, that flagpole came from Canton. Yes, it used to stand on President McKinley's lawn. That's all right, lady. You can go right up and take the little fellow's picture on the steps. Senator Harding doesn't mind a bit. What's that? No, that's not the Senator. I reckon it's one of the newspaper writers. On the porch? That lady? Let's see. Yes, the lady's Mrs. Harding." Mrs. Harding, eh? Two visitors especially are interested. They reveal themselves to the policeman. Between them, he is informed, they constitute the Court of Pettis County, Missouri—Republican now, thank God, and likely to stay Republican forever. They happen to be out looking at court-houses. Their own, not long ago, burned down. If that is really Mrs. Harding . . .? Sure, says the policeman; go right up and introduce yourselves.

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He is only the symbol, this Chesterfield in uniform, of Republican principle in 1920. For a party that may fly apart, whenever it attempts to reach agreement upon a definite issue, self-preservation advises postponement of the possible catastrophe. Mr. Penrose is polite to Mr. Raymond Robins; Mr. Taft is courteous to Mr. Hiram Johnson; Marion is the pinnacle of Republican politeness. The Court of Pettis County has not long to wait before it meets the Senator himself. There is more of a crowd, now, and it surges respectfully across the lawn as the Senator appears with the newspapermen who have followed him from his office. He is still answering questions. The crowd holds back. The Senator disengages himself from the newspapermen and comes to greet his callers. He takes the nearest hand. "And what portion of the state do you come from?" he asks. "Ashland," replies his happy guest, and adds: "Motored in this morning." "Roads good?" asks the Senator. "Fine." The Senator turns to an elderly woman. She has been teaching school for forty years, she says, and she wants the Senator's interest in a teachers' pension bill. The Senator assures her that while he recognizes in America no special classes, and while he conceives the Presidency as at best co-equal with the legislative and judicial powers, nevertheless he is ready to promise that the teachers' pension bill will have his close attention. More handshaking follows. But the Senator sights his campaign manager, Mr. Daugherty, and wants a game of quoits. Bolder portions of the crowd adjourn with the contestants to the Harding alley. The Senator removes his coat. The crowd whispers its recognition of a democrat when it sees one, and the moving picture men start grinding. The Senator pitches six horse-shoes. Mr. Daugherty pitches six. It cannot truthfully be said that any of the twelve arrive. But the Senator is declared a winner. The crowd accompanies him around to the front of the house again. And the moving picture men remain. They push their cameras nearer to the little stake and start taking "close-ups." The finished picture must show at least one bull's-eye. So they grind away while an understudy stands just outside of camera range and drops horse-shoes accurately upon the hitherto neglected stake. A knock-out, the moving picture men agree.

The Senator, now, has disappeared. There are delegations coming, delegations from six Ohio counties, and an official porch reception is to follow. Crowds are gathering along Mt. Vernon Avenue, awaiting the parade. There are people sitting on the curbstones, sandwich-boxes open on their knees. Come upon a crowd waiting like this anywhere else in America and you would guess that Barnum and Bailey themselves were the attraction. But all Barnum's horses and all Bailey's men could not tempt these people from their present posts.

Down the street at the head of a procession comes the first band on its way to the front porch in Mt. Vernon Avenue. The Harding-and-Coolidge Club of East Liberty, Ohio, wheels in sight. The Logan County Women's Club for Harding follows. "Save the Constitution," its banners read. "League of Nations? No, We Know Our Business." Other delegations follow, from Ottawa County and from Tuscarawas. They march four or five abreast. They have come to greet the next President of the country. The Champaign County delegates appear with white and green striped parasols. The crowd sends up a cheer. A moment later there is a second burst of cheering. Knox County has arrived with a bandmaster who can throw his great baton above his head and catch it, spinning, with an arm behind his back.

The long line of pilgrims has been marshalled into position for a battery of camera-men, told to take its standards down, told to close its ranks up, told to take its hats off. Various minor celebrities have appeared upon the porch. The crowd has guessed at their identity. There is a moment of suspense. The Senator appears upon the porch. The crowd cheers. There is an ovation which lasts four seconds by the watch. Without difficulty the crowd is silenced by the unidentified celebrity who acts as master of ceremonies. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he announces, "we will first hear from the Tuscarawas County Quartet." The Quartet follows with a lively song. There is another cheer. Various chairmen of county delegations are introduced. They tell the Senator he will win overwhelmingly in November. He is, they wish to assure him, the greatest statesman of his party. He will restore the country from the decay of Democratic rule, bring down prices, harmonize capital and labor, safeguard American honor and fan the sacred fire of the fathers. He is the greatest statesman since Lincoln. To each generous tribute the Senator bows, not in false modesty, but as a man conscious of his worth and humbled by it. Between compliments he stands erect, eyes raised above the heads of those who watch him. On his face is stamped an almost tragic resignation. The times have summoned him: very well, he will obey the call. An octet of Negro singers leaps up the steps and bursts into ragtime. Here is a real sensation. The octet sings an encore. The crowd shouts its joy again. And then, suddenly, and with no more preparation, the Senator himself. . . .

"Fellow citizens of the republic—America uncovers today in observance of the 133rd anniver-

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sary of the birthday of the nation. I do not say the birthday of American freedom which we celebrate variously though always patriotically on July 4th in reverence for the Declaration of Independence, but this is the anniversary of the literal birthday of our American nation. . . . In that first convention were men of every type of mind. . . . It was difficult timber out of which to erect the enduring temple of the republic which I think it worth our while to recall to lead us to greater appreciation. . . ."

Heads bared to the summer sun, they hear him out. They do not cheer especially, except when he has finished. It is his turn now, and he shall have it. He has been the perfect host. It has been a splendid day. They have come chiefly for the purpose of saying that they have been, and with this philosophy nothing can take the edge off their satisfaction. They pack banners, balloons and tired children into trains and motor cars and start back home again. Only a few more pilgrims will stand upon that gravel lawn. In Marion the dusk is falling. Not alone the merchants and innkeepers of Marion, but all those—everywhere—who cherish the performance of a perfect act, will mourn the passing of the day.

CHARLES MERZ.

Marion, Ohio.

A Political Upheaval in China

EVEN in America we have heard of one Chinese revolution, that which thrust the Manchu dynasty from the throne. The visitor in China gets used to casual references to the second revolution, that which frustrated Yuan Shi Kai's aspirations to be emperor, and the third, the defeat three summers ago of the abortive attempt to put the Manchu boy emperor back into power. And within the last few weeks the fourth upheaval has taken place. It may not be dignified by the name of the fourth revolution, for the head of the state has not been changed by it. But as a manifestation of the forces that shape Chinese political events, for evil and for good, perhaps this last disturbance surpasses the last two "revolutions" in significance.

Chinese politics in detail are highly complicated, a mess of personalities and factions whose oscillations no one can follow who does not know a multitude of personal, family and provincial histories. But occasionally something happens which simplifies the tangle. Definite outlines frame themselves out of the swirling criss-cross of strife, intrigue and ambition. So, at present, the complete collapse of the Anfu clique which owned the central government for two years marks the end of that union of internal militarism and Japanese foreign influence which was, for China, the most marked fruit of the war. When China entered the war a "War Participation" army was formed. It never participated; probably it was never meant to. But its formation threw power wholly into the hands of the military clique, as against the civilian constitutionalists. And in return for concessions, secret agreements relating to Manchuria, Shantung, new railways, etc., Japan supplied money, munitions, instructors for the army and a benevolent supervision of foreign and domestic politics. The war came to an unexpected and untimely end, but by this time the offspring of the marriage of the militarism of Yuan Shi Kai and Japanese money and influence was a lusty youth. Bolshevism was induced to take the place of Germany as a menace requiring the keeping up of the army, and loans and teachers. Mongolia was persuaded to cut her strenuous ties with Russia, to renounce her independence and come again under Chinese sovereignty.

The army and its Japanese support and instruction was, accordingly, continued. In place of the "War Participation" army appeared the "Frontier Defense" army. Marshal Tuan, the head of the military party, remained the nominal political power behind the presidential chair, and General Hsu (commonly known as little Hsu, in distinction from old Hsu, the president) was the energetic manager of the Mongolian adventure which, by a happy coincidence, required a bank, land development companies and railway schemes, as well as an army. About this military centre as a nucleus gathered the vultures who fed on the carrion. This flock took the name of the Anfu Club. It did not control the entire cabinet, but to it belonged the Minister of Justice, who manipulated the police and the courts, persecuted the students, suppressed liberal journals and imprisoned inconvenient critics. And the Club owned the ministers of finance and communications, the two cabinet places that dispense revenues, give out jobs and make loans. It also regulated the distribution of intelligence by mail and telegraph. The reign of corruption and despotic inefficiency, tempered only

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by the student revolt, set in. In two years the Anfu Club got away with two hundred millions of public funds directly, to say nothing of what was wasted by incompetency and upon the army. The Allies had set out to get China into the war. They succeeded in getting Japan into control of Peking and getting China, politically speaking, into a seemingly hopeless state of corruption and confusion.

The militaristic or Pei-Yang party was, however, divided into two factions, each called after a province. The Anwhei party gathered about little Hsu and was almost identical with the Anfus. The Chili faction had been obliged, so far as Peking was concerned, to content itself with such leavings as the Anfu Club tossed to it. Apparently it was hopelessly weaker than its rival, although Tuan, who was personally honest and above financial scandal, was supported by both factions and was the head of both. About three months ago there were a few signs that, while the Anfu Club had been entrenching itself in Peking, the rival faction had been quietly establishing itself in the provinces. A league of Eight Tuchuns (military governors of the provinces) came to the assistance of the president against some unusually strong pressure from the Anfu Club. In spite of the fact that the military governor of the three Manchurian provinces, Chang Tso Lin, popularly known as the Emperor of Manchuria, lined up with this league, practically nobody expected anything except some manœuvering to get a larger share of the spoils.

But late in June the president invited Chang Tso Lin to Peking. The latter saw Tuan, told him that he was surrounded by evil advisers, demanded that he cut loose from little Hsu and the Anfu Club, and declared open war upon little Hsu—the two had long and notoriously been bitter enemies. Even then people had great difficulty in believing that anything would happen except another Chinese compromise. The president was known to be sympathetic upon the whole with the Chili faction, but the president, if not a typical Chinese, is at least typical of a certain kind of Chinese mandarin, non-resistant, compromising, conciliating, procrastinating, covering up, evading issues, face-saving. But finally something happened. A mandate was issued dismissing little Hsu from office, military and civil, dissolving the frontier defense corps as such, and bringing it under the control of the Ministry of War (usually armies in China belong to some general or Tuchun, not to the country). For almost forty-eight hours it was thought that Tuan had consented to sacrifice little Hsu and that the latter would submit, at least temporarily. Then with equally sensational abruptness Tuan brought pressure to bear on the president. The latter was appointed head of a national defense army, and rewards were issued for the heads of the chiefs of the Chili faction, nothing, however, being said about Chang Tso Lin, who had meanwhile returned to Mukden and who still professed allegiance to Tuan. Troops were mobilized; there was a rush of officials and of the wealthy to the concessions of Tientsin and to the hotels of the legation quarter.

This sketch is not meant as history, but simply as an indication of the forces at work. Hence it is enough to say that two weeks after Tuan and little Hsu had intimidated the president and proclaimed themselves the saviors of the Republic, they were in hiding, their enemies of the Chili party were in complete control of Peking, and rewards from fifty thousand dollars down were offered for the arrest of little Hsu, the ex-ministers of justice, finance and communications, and other leaders of the Anfu Club. The political turnover was as complete as it was sensational. The seemingly impregnable masters of China were impotent fugitives. The carefully built up Anfu Club, with its military, financial and foreign support, had crumbled and fallen. No country at any time has ever seen a political upheaval more sudden and more thoroughgoing. It was not so much a defeat as a dissolution like that of death, a total disappearance, an evaporation.

Corruption had worked inward, as it has a way of doing. Japanese-bought munitions would not explode; quartermasters vanished with the funds with which stores were to be bought; troops went without anything to eat for two or three days; large numbers, including the larger part of one division, went over to the enemy en masse; those who did not desert had no heart for fighting and ran away or surrendered on the slightest provocation, saying they were willing to fight for their country but saw no reason why they should fight for a faction, especially a faction that had been selling the country to a foreign nation. In the manner of the defeat of the Anfu clique at the height of its supremacy, rather than in the mere fact of its defeat, lies the credit side of the Chinese political balance sheet. It is a striking exhibition of the oldest and best faith of the Chinese —the power of moral considerations. Public opinion, even that of the coolie on the street, was wholly against the Anfu party. It went down not so much because of the strength of the other side as because of its own rottenness.

So far the results are to all appearances negative. The most marked is the disappearance of Japan-

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ese prestige. As one of the leading men in the War Office said: "For over a year now the people have been strongly opposed to the Japanese government on account of Shantung. But now even the generals do not care for Japan any more." It is hardly logical to take the easy collapse of the Japanese-supported Anfu party as a proof of the weakness of Japan, but prestige is always a matter of feeling rather than of logic. Many who were intimidated to the point of hypnotism by the idea of the irresistible power of Japan are now freely laughing at the inefficiency of Japanese leadership. It would not be safe to predict that Japan will not come back as a force to be reckoned with in the internal as well as external politics of Japan, but it is safe to say that never again will Japan figure as superman to China. And such a negation is after all a positive result.

And so in its way is the overthrow of the Anwhei faction of the militarist party. The Chinese liberals do not feel very optimistic about the immediate outcome. They have mostly given up the idea that the country can be reformed by political means. They are sceptical about the possibility of reforming even politics until a new generation comes on the scene. They are now putting their faith in education and in social changes which will take some years to consummate themselves visibly. The self-styled southern republican constitutional party has not shown itself in much better light than the northern militarist party. In fact, its old leader Sun Yat Sen now cuts one of the most ridiculous figures in China, as shortly before this upheaval he had definitely aligned himself with Tuan and little Hsu.

This does not mean, however, that democratic opinion thinks nothing has been gained. The demonstration of the inherent weakness of corrupt militarism will itself prevent the development of any militarism as complete as that of the Anfus. As one Chinese gentleman said to me: "When Yuan Shi Kai was overthrown, the tiger killed the lion. Now a snake has killed the tiger. No matter how vicious the snake may become, some smaller animal will be able to kill him, and his life will be shorter than that of either lion or tiger." In short, each successive upheaval brings nearer the day when civilian supremacy will be established. This result will be achieved partly because of the repeated demonstrations of the uncongeniality of military despotism to the Chinese spirit, and partly because with every passing year education will have done its work. Suppressed liberal papers are coming to life, while over twenty Anfu subsidized newspapers and two subsidized news agencies have gone out of being. The soldiers, including many officers in the Anwhei army, clearly show the effects of student propaganda. And it is worth while to note down the name of one of the leaders on the victorious side, the only one whose troops did any particular fighting, and that against great odds in numbers. The name is Wu Pei Fu. He at least has not fought for the Chili faction against the Anwhei faction. He has proclaimed from the first that he was fighting to rid the country of military control of civil government, and against traitors who would sell their country to foreigners. He has come out strongly for a new popular assembly, to form a new constitution and to unite the country. And although Chang Tso Lin has remarked that Wu Pei Fu as a military subordinate could not be expected to intervene in politics, he has not as yet found it convenient to oppose the demand for a popular assembly. Meanwhile the liberals are organizing their forces, hardly expecting to win a victory, but resolved, win or lose, to take advantage of the opportunity to carry further the education of the Chinese people in the meaning of democracy.

JOHN DEWEY.

Peking.

Literary Taste in America

I.

I AM sometimes asked by my friends in England to tell them all about America, the assumption presumably being that since I spent eleven weeks in the United States I must be an authority on them. This is a delusion, immensely flattering to me, but singularly unflattering to my friends. There are over a hundred millions of people in the United States, white, black, brown, yellow and red, native-born and immigrant, well-educated, half-educated and illiterate, Christian, Gentile and Pagan; and although I am about to pontificate on the subject of literary taste in those States, I wish to warn my readers that my knowledge of the country is confined chiefly to New York and Chicago, and is an entirely superficial one.

A few weeks ago the Times Literary Supplement devoted its first article to a consideration of contemporary American poetry. Incredible as it may seem, the writer of this article filled four or five columns in the Supplement without once mentioning the name of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, or making any reference to his work. The fatuity of this omission would be equalled by that of an American commentator on English poetry who omitted all reference either to Dr. Bridges or to Mr. Masefield from his article. The omission was

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not deliberately made. It was the result of "Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance!" as Dr. Johnson said to the lady who inquired why he defined "pastern" as "the knee of a horse." Mr. Robinson is, perhaps, the most distinguished poet in America, the author of much gravely beautiful verse, and the omission of his name from the article in the Literary Supplement caused at least one reader to lose some of his faith in that journal's authority in criticism.

It was significant of the assumption made by too many persons in this country that American literature is altogether negligible. I am often astonished in reading some piece of literary criticism in an English review to discover some obviously third-rate scribbler referring in a very lofty fashion to American authors whose work, whether it be of great magnitude or not, is immeasurably superior to his own; and I would like now to complain of certain British authors who have visited the United States in the spirit of Moses coming down from the mountain with the tables of the law. The very great generosity and kindness of the American people causes them to give a cordial reception to any foreign visitor, and they will listen, with an excess of good manners, to the pontifical pronouncements of some mediocre Englishman while he assures them that they are very small potatoes indeed, implying that he himself is but slightly removed from the condition of a supreme genius. I would urge upon English authors who are about to visit America that they should remember there are too many people in that country who are at least as intelligent as they are, and that there are quite a number of persons who are even more intelligent than they are. I would urge upon them, too, that they should not leave their manners on this side of the Atlantic! . . .

When we are tempted to imagine that American fiction and poetry and drama are far inferior to English fiction and poetry and drama, because our knowledge of the former is confined to a sentimental American play or a sentimental novel or the poetry of the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox, I suggest that we should remember some of our own writers. America has her Zane Grey and her Harold Bell Wright and her Gene Stratton Porter, and England has her William Le Queux, her Charles Garvice, her Ethel M. Dell and her Mrs. Florence Barclay. America had her Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and England has her John Oxenham. The fact that much of the exceedingly sentimental American fiction and drama and poetry is very popular in England surely proves that we have, in proportion to our population, as many of the sloppy-minded in our midst as America has; and if one is to judge of the ordinary level of intelligence in England and America by a comparison of the popular magazines published in both countries, it seems to me to be indisputable that the average mind in America is a better mind than that in England.

And that brings me to a matter that often puzzles me, why is it that the American popular magazine is so superior, not merely in make-up, but also in contents, to the English popular magazine? Almost all of the magazines sold on bookstalls in England form a collective insult to an intelligent mind. The stories in them are of such quality that one imagines the authors had in mind the tastes of charwomen or old gentlemen in an advanced stage of senility, while the general articles, when there are any, seem intended for consumption by the more primitive of message-boys. We have not got in England a popular magazine which is comparable, either in make-up or matter, with Harper's or the Century. A recent issue of the Century contained a contribution from Mr. George Moore. Another issue of the same magazine published an article by Professor Gilbert Murray. When I find a popular English magazine publishing a group of poems by Mr. W. B. Yeats I shall begin to believe that we are approaching the level of Harper's in which, a month or two ago, was published a group of poems by Mr. Robert Frost. The Saturday Evening Post is considered in America to be a very popular magazine indeed, but it is vastly better than any English magazine in the same category.

It is fairly reasonable, I think, to base one's estimate of the mental calibre of a country on the quality of the ephemeral literature published in that country. If the quality is good, if the stories and articles printed in the popular magazines are such that an educated and cultured man can read them without boredom or disgust, one is surely entitled to believe that there is a fairly high level of intelligence and taste in the country which produces such magazines.

II.

Broadly speaking, I should say that the average mind in America is better than the average mind in England, so far as appreciation of literature is concerned. In making that statement, I am not unmindful of the fact, very startlingly demonstrated to the Americans themselves during the war, that an enormous number of American citizens are either totally illiterate or nearly so. We are accustomed in this country to think of the United States as a land in which education has been raised to a very high degree, but during my stay there I found that instructed Americans were deeply perturbed by the

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extent of illiteracy among their poorer countrymen and also by the somewhat shallow character of the education given in their good schools. But where the American is an educated man, he is, on the whole, a man of better taste than the same man in England. English authors of high quality are nearly always more widely read in America than they are in England. The ordinary, plain American, with no pretensions to what is called "highbrowism," buys more books and reads more books than the same sort of man in England. American farmers read much, both of an ephemeral and a permanent character, whereas the English farmer, in my experience, reads little of any sort. There are hundreds of farmers in England who do not even read a daily paper, contenting themselves with the local weekly paper; but I doubt whether there are many farmers in America who do not read more in a month than an English farmer reads in a couple of years. Conditions of life probably have something to do with it. The winter in the United States is very severe, making outdoor labor almost, if not entirely, impossible, and therefore the American farmer is compelled to use his mind to a greater extent than his English brother whose farm employs his energies almost as much in winter as it does at any other part of the year. I have seen letters to American book-sellers and publishers from American farmers, inquiring about the works of Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Bernard Shaw! I imagine that the sales of Mr. Conrad's books in America far exceed, in proportion to the population, their sales in England. Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Galsworthy are read more extensively in America than they are in England. I found, too, that Dickens was still enormously popular there, whereas in England his popularity, still great among older people, is diminishing among the younger folk.

I do not claim for the American people any more than this, that they have a greater curiosity about good things than the English people have and I am not oblivious to the fact that an extensive acquaintance with meritable or great authors does not necessarily coincide with sound judgment, but I do claim that the American average man does interest himself in work of quality to a far greater extent than the English average man.

Mr. Stephen Graham, in his book, A Private in the Guards, gives an account of the literary interests and knowledge of his comrades in the ranks of the Scots Guards. As it is almost identical with my own experience in the ranks of the Household Battalion and as an officer of the Dublin Fusiliers, I quote it here:

> And if the working men are deaf to what is national, they are almost as deaf to the transient greatness of our times. Not for them did Rupert Brooke write the most beautiful sonnet of a decade. I was at pains to find out who had read Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Not one could I find, and though that clever novel was so astonishingly popular, it was not so because the working man was reading it. . . . Hall Caine is read, and I once heard a superior recruit speak of his writing as good healthy literature. But even Hall Caine is too intellectual at times. Our ardent writers such as Masefield, Chesterton, Conrad and Bennett find their readers among what Russian revolutionary soldiers and workmen call indiscriminately the bourgeois, but not among the rank and file. I canvassed a room one day and found that only three in it had heard of H. G. Wells, and one thought he wrote for John Bull and had a 'flashy style.' The name of Bernard Shaw was better known because of the greater number of newspaper remarks concerning him. I met one day a man called Shaw and asked him if he knew anything of his namesake the dramatist. 'Yes,' said he, 'I named my little boy Bernard after him so that when he grew up he might have some bloomin' luck perhaps.'
>
> 'Did you ever read any of his plays or see one acted at a theatre?'
>
> 'No. I saw one of his books once, but I never read it. . . yes, yes, Bernard Shaw the great author—there's a statue of him somewhere in the West End!'

This lack of interest in, and knowledge of, eminence or consequence in their countrymen is not confined, in England, among the working people, to men of letters. I remember one night, in a billet which I shared with nine other men, discussing Home Rule for Ireland with my comrades. They were all young men of the superior artisan or small clerk class and were typical products of the expensive system of elementary education. I discovered that, although we had just passed through an extremely critical Irish crisis when the war began, not one of my comrades had ever heard of Parnell! I could not find one man in the company to which I was attached, ages ranging from eighteen to forty, who knew anything whatever of Parnell or could offer any intelligent opinion on the Irish question! I seldom saw any of them read even a daily newspaper. When I was in command of a platoon in France I used to pass my newspapers and magazines on to my men until I discovered that they never read them! . . .

III.

It is when we come to compare the best taste in America with the best taste in England that we begin to discover a difference to the credit of England. The critical faculty is not strong in the United States, and books and authors are sometimes praised in a fashion that is altogether disproportionate to their merits. Americans are eager to learn and to be informed, and they are far more willing to make experiments than English people

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are, but they are lacking to a remarkable degree in the power to discriminate between the bad and the good and the supreme. An American editor can print work in his magazine which one has no hope of ever seeing in a similar magazine in England. An American reader will purchase a book or go to see a play which in this country would not even be known to a person of similar standing. The American, in short, has far more inquisitiveness of a desirable character than the Englishman has. He will absorb all that you have to give him, but he does not give back anything, not because he is selfish or lazy, but because he has not yet reached the stage at which he can give back things. The whole of America seems to me to be inhabited, generally speaking, by an amazingly eager population which is cramming its mind with a medley of knowledge, not all of which is worth possessing, and much of which cannot be assimilated; and the result is a combination of quite extraordinary information concerning, say literature, and an equally extraordinary inability to say whether a book is a great book, a good book, a meritable book or a bad book. It is a commonplace of sociology that a very high level of intelligence in a population will coincide with a complete absence of men of genius in it. America has had men of genius, Walt Whitman, Emerson, Edgar Allen Poe, Mark Twain, and will certainly have many more, and she has writers of a very high degree of merit producing books that can stand easily in the company of the best books being produced in England by contemporary novelists, men and women such as Mrs. Edith Wharton, Miss Zona Gale, Miss Ellen Glasgow, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Ernest Poole, Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, Mr. Theodore Dreiser and Mr. Booth Tarkington, but the conditions of life in America do not make the way easy for men of genius to appear. The high state of uniformity or standardization has at once the effect of flattening out individuality and of producing a degree of self-contentment which is impatient of criticism; and without a healthy spirit of criticism the way of the very individual man is exceedingly hard.

IV.

But the signs are good. When the mixed elements that make up the modern United States have become more effectively blended and the recollections of Europe have faded out of the people's minds and there is definitely an American race, deriving more from America than from Europe, there will come not only a greater growth of criticism, applied to every department of human existence, but also a great flowering of genius. All over the United States one finds little groups of writers who are laboring to make an American literature with the peculiar flavor of their own state. The group which was led by the late W. D. Howells has, perhaps, passed its meridian, but there are other groups, very eager, very vital and industrious, and they may soon achieve the high place in the world's literature that some of us believe to be the destiny of America. Or if they do not themselves achieve it, they will make the way straight for those who are to achieve it. One does not expect to hear of a group of meritable writers settled in, say, Huddersfield, but there is a group of such writers, led by Mr. Booth Tarkington in Indianapolis. At Cape Cod, young Americans, led by Mr. Eugene O'Neill, are trying to create an American drama that cannot be mistaken for any other than an American drama. In Chicago, poets are springing up angrily and, led by Mr. Carl Sandburg, are tearing up old forms to make a new one. When they have discovered that there is no merit in destroying an old form merely because it is an old form, they will make a valuable new form. In Springfield, Illinois, Mr. Vachel Lindsay sounds the loud timbrel very disconcertingly in the ears of his neighbors. At St. Louis, Miss Zoë Akins put herself at the head of another group of insurgents. Her comedy of manners, Papa, is a very excellent piece of work, indeed, and in her popular piece of the theatre, Déclassée, she has shown that in the realm of artifice she can measure swords with Sardou and Pinero and not be put to shame. A people as eager as the Americans are, cannot hope to be as critical as Europeans, but when their eagerness has come under control and they have acquired the power to reject with greater certainty of judgment than they now possess, they will not easily be surpassed by any other race in taste.

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

Morning Song, With Drums

The pheasants cry in the dawn,
Mocking the glitter of the nearby city
Struck upon the sky.

Ivy in a wind,
Smooth grass,
Old cedar-trees.

Change is a bitter thing to contemplate
Across a gray dawn.
Puff-ball world, forsooth,
A kick and it is broken into smoke.

The pheasant's cry is raucous in the dawn.

AMY LOWELL.

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CORRESPONDENCE

H. G. Wells Strikes Back

SIR: Mr. Alvin Johnson is not quite precise in his attack on my Outline of History. He discusses the terms Islam offered to mankind. "These terms, as Mr. Wells admits, were Islamize or die by the sword." So Mr. Johnson writes and sends a horror stricken author to his text to see indeed if he did make so monstrous a statement. He finds—thank God!—this—for the benefit of Mr. Johnson, he adds Italics; "they were offered a choice of *three* alternatives; *either pay tribute,* or confess the true God and join us, or die." Again inspired by the brilliant idea that I am capable only of political megalomania Mr. Johnson accuses me of doing "more than justice to Alexander." This is harder to refute by a brief quotation. I enlarge upon Alexander's "violence" and "vanity"; I compare him to a witless child. "The world empire he had snatched at and held in his hands as a child might snatch at and hold a precious vase, fell to the ground and was shattered to pieces." Yet also Mr. Johnson complains that in spite of a megalomania which should have moved me in quite the other way I am unjust to Ceasar and that I state that Caesar was "as bald as a billiard ball." That would be an idiotic thing to state and I do not do so. Is it really permissible to touch up your account of your victim's statements in this way in order to blame him? Because I try to get Caesar in something like proportion to his times and the other great figures in history I have "a grudge against Caesar." Why should I have a grudge against Caesar? A lot of this descriptive criticism is very silly stuff. Mr. Johnson declares that the Romans seem admirable to me down to the Punic wars. At which, if you will permit me, Sir, to use the expression in your columns I would exclaim; "Well, I'm *damned!*" There is a little sketch of Cato the Elder. . . . There is an account of patrician politics. . . . "Was the analogy Rome against Carthage, Germany against England over active in his mind when he wrote these pages?" Mr. Johnson asks. Here again one has to pause for a moment to take breath at the amazing quality of Mr. Johnson's mind. If Mr. Johnson will read these pages again and *think,* think hard and resolutely, he will probably come to the conclusion that it was not. The analogy of the Carthaginian peace cuts quite the other way. Someday I hope Mr. Johnson will read this book he has criticized.

H. G. WELLS.

Dunmow, England.

To the first point in the indictment I plead guilty. I did omit, not intentionally, but none the less reprehensibly, the alternative to Islamize or die, pay tribute. But when I restore it my astonishment over Wells's conclusion that Islam "was the broadest, freshest and clearest political idea that had yet come into the world" is not abated.

I did not charge Wells with "political megalomania." It was necessary to account somehow for the perseverance with which the History follows all the meanderings of the more or less mythical accounts of the Macedonian adventurers, as contrasted with the impatient and haphazard account of the process of Hellenic civilization. You can't leave such a miracle in the middle of the road, unexplained. My hypothesis was that Wells is more interested in the state building process than in the more indefinite process of building a cultural unity. I still cling to that hypothesis. It accounts for much in the book which would otherwise have to be imputed to whim or to a conscious desire to be original that would be absurd in a writer who can't help being original. I did not quote from Wells the statement that Caesar was "bald as a billiard ball." Wells used more words, but to the same effect. "Yet the fact we have to reconcile with this wise and magnificent project is that at the crest of his power, Caesar, already a bald, middle aged man, past the graces and hot impulses of youthful love, spent the better part of a year in Egypt, feasting and entertaining himself in amorous pleasantries with Cleopatra. And afterwards he brought her with him to Rome, where her influence over him was bitterly resented. Such complications with a woman mark the elderly sensualist or sentimentalist—he was fifty four at the commencement of this affaire—rather than the master of men."

Now, I do not yield to H. G. Wells or any man in Puritanic horror over this Cleopatra affaire. But surely we have all become sufficiently historical minded to discount the tittle tattle of the Roman wits who saw in Egypt no business for an imperialist statesman except dinners and Cleopatra. Egypt, let us remember, was more important to the Rome of that day than to the England of the present. Without controlling the chief maritime and food exporting country of the eastern Mediterranean, there was no secure hold for Rome east of the Ionian Sea.

"Germany against England" may be made to read "England against Germany" in the analogy I drew, for all I care. The emendation does not affect my conclusion that Wells was reading too much World War into the policies pursued in the conflict between Rome and Carthage. England needs Germany and Germany England, primarily because both are industrial states. Rome and Carthage, within the sphere of conflict, were trading cities, pure and simple, each perfectly competent to handle all the available business of the western Mediterranean. That gave Rome no moral ground for destroying Carthage. But the economic and political consequences of the destruction were probably favorable to Rome, not the reverse, as Wells argues.

Mr. Wells describes my review as an "attack." If he will reread it and think resolutely he will find that it was not an attack at all. If he had been a Victorian writer and I a Victorian reviewer, he would have had a right to expect from me the simple ejaculation "Wonderful!" Although I would not say such a thing in a review, I did privately regard the book as rather wonderful. As I said in my review, in indicating where the book runs off on false tracks, I was doing injustice to its greater part. That is something that can't be helped. If a book is worth anything, its virtues are too numerous for detailed mention; its vices are sure to get disproportionate space. If Wells would only write a bad book, with virtues as rare as the defects of the present one, I'd prove to him how a reviewer's justice could lean the other way.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

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A Campaign Biography

Warren G. Harding—The Man, by Joe Mitchell Chapple. Boston: Chapple Publishing Company, Limited.

SENATOR HARDING is the kind of man who cannot put his biographer in a glow, and a fortiori cannot keep him aglow, unless the biographer is by nature and training an easy and pertinacious glower. The chances were therefore against the appearance this summer of any life of the Senator which would prove on inspection to be both enthusiastic and unforced. To like kindly and prosperous mediocrity is not, to be sure, uncommon; but to grow warm in its presence, and yet warmer the longer you stay near it, to be uneasy until you have vented your cordiality in words—this, we submit, is so far from common that the mere existence of Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple may exactly be called improbable. That such a man should happen to be a friend of Senator Harding, considering the small proportion that the Senator's many friends bear to the total population, is a second improbability. Yet it is probable, as Agathon said nearly twenty-five hundred years ago, that improbable things will happen. Mr. Chapple exists and has written a book called Warren G. Harding —The Man. It is published by the Chapple Publishing Company, Boston, "publishers of World Famous Books, 'Heart Throbs.'"

The biography is itself somewhat heart-throbby. It is sentimental. An unfriendly critic would call it slushy. It contains a chapter called "Blue-eyed Babe in Blooming Grove." It asks: "What large family is not blessed with the name of Mary?" It calls the ballots men and women vote with "the white messengers of authority." It has passages like this, of Senator Harding's father: "He left me to finish my notes upon the editorial desk of his son. It was a hot, sultry afternoon, and a little later I peeked into the Doctor's office. The attendant said: 'The Doctor is taking a little nap after the rush of calls.' I tiptoed quietly down stairs. He was just the sort of dear old dad we all love." It has surprising transitions, such as this, paragraph sign, which has been obeyed in the original, being omitted to save space: "When this sister and her mother passed beyond the sight of mortals, the arc of the family circle was broken and bereft of two choice spirits. Then we were off to the Doctor's office."

Yes, it is a foolish book, as foolish as you please. But that is nothing remarkable. Foolish biographies, whether campaign or other, are not rare. What is remarkable is the sincerity of Mr. Chapple's gush. When Mr. Harding was a boy "he was early recognized by associates as a careful leader. He did not venture far out in Whetstone Creek until he knew he could swim." And Mr. Chapple appears to believe the evidence of leadership here is as satisfying as the evidence of care. "Don't wait to be asked, but do it without the asking," so Mr. Harding instructed his force, as soon as could after buying the Marion Star, "and, above all, be clean and never let a dirty word or suggestive story get into type. I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child." A negative virtue, one might say, or at most a virtue within the reach of all editors in smallish towns, yet it is with such material that Mr. Chapple builds his enthusiasm. "The Star kept right on shining and growing more luminous as the crisp and earnest editorials, hearty home-like 'locals' appeared. At one time or another the name of nearly every man, woman and child in Marion appeared in the Star." And the chapter from which these last two quotations are taken ends thus: "Warren G. Harding is never afraid of himself and understands self-expression. He does not strangle that impulse which lies within us to live, feel and think with others, thus realizing the richness of Hellenic ideals." What does it mean? Strictly speaking, it means nothing, yet the admiration was none the less genuine which instigated Mr. Chapple thus to indulge himself in words.

But the main virtue of this book is not the sincerity of its enthusiasm for things that deserve faint praise. Its main virtue is the purity of its exaggeration. Mr. Harding appears here as a man from whose make-up nearly all the opinion-forming part of the human mind has been left out. A good deal is said about his sound judgment, and about his ability to think and to decide, but it is not said so as to make a reader believe in Mr. Chapple's belief. Upon only one still controverted subject, a protective tariff, does Mr. Chapple give us conclusive proof that Senator Harding has taken a stand. The rest is not silence, but it is hearsay. What Mr. Harding does appear as is a man with a real talent for getting along with and being liked by other men. He is the man who sooner or later puts everybody's name into his paper. He is the man who calls lots of other men by their first names. He is the man who understands team-play and adjustment. He is not self-opinionated. He has been, as Mr. Chapple says, in one of his unlyrical moods, "something of a 'jiner.'" And he has his reward. In Marion, immediately after the nomination, "the Hoo Hoos, good-natured with their black cat ensign, Knights of Pythias, Loyal Order of Moose, the Elks, Sons of Veterans and every civic organization to which he belonged, vied with each other in fraternal and almost affectionate greetings." No, it cannot be true. Senator Harding cannot be this pure and traitless type. Some opinions he must have that other Republicans object to, some men there must be with whom he cannot get along smoothly, noiselessly, genially. What Mr. Chapple has done is to idealize most of Mr. Harding away, to represent him as satisfying an ideal which he only suggests and approaches. And the moral is that millions of Americans, besides those other millions whose votes will be cast in disappointment and disgust, do like the real Harding, if not so well as Mr. Chapple likes the ideal Harding he has created by leaving things out, yet quite well enough to vote Republican.

It is a book to be read by all who wish to realize once more how lively a little blaze may be made out of rather damp fuel. And not by them only. It contains at least one passage which may be read with profit by the leaders of the Republican party: "The child grew up as he should —to be just a boy, not a prodigy, but humanly normal. He ran away and had to be tied to the bedpost, like other boys. Yet in all his discipline, no actual blow was ever struck—his mother's method being to seat the boy smartly in a chair, and then look straight into his eyes and say, 'Now, Warren!'" Such gentleness will no doubt again serve its turn, when once Senator Harding has been seated smartly in the Presidential chair. It is not easy, however, to foretell what will happen if Mr. Lodge and Mr. Wickersham, Mr. Hiram Johnson and Mr. Taft, should choose the same moment for looking their President in the eye, and for saying, each in his own best hortatory tone, "Now, Warren!"

P. L.

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Three New Realists

(1) *The New Rationalism. The Development of a Constructive Realism upon the Basis of Modern Logic and Science, and through the Criticism of Opposed Philosophical Systems, by Edward Gleason Spaulding. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*

(2) *Realism. A Study in Art and Thought, by Arthur McDowall. London: Constable & Co.*

(3) *Essays in Commonsense Philosophy, by C. E. M. Joad. London: Headley Bros. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.*

ALL who, because of its comparative quiescence in recent years, have been inclined to doubt the vitality of the realistic movement in present-day philosophy, will find welcome evidence of its continued vigor and combativeness in these three books. Two of them are written by young Oxford men and belong to the English side of the movement; the third is by Professor Spaulding, one of the six young realists who, in 1910, launched the platform and program of American realism. The English movement is somewhat the older of the two, and has been growing, since the opening of the century, in the leisurely, devious, individualistic way which is characteristic of English thinkers—a ferment and an attitude of mind rather than a unified doctrine or even a method. The American movement set out with an impressive display of energy and organization and cooperation, but after producing one cooperative volume of studies under the title of The New Realism (1912), it seemed to have gone to pieces—perhaps because cooperation in challenge, attack, criticism is always easier than in positive construction.

In these circumstances, Spaulding's New Rationalism deserves the keenest attention. Alike in criticism and in construction it is the most thorough and systematic exposition of realism in its American form which has appeared. This is not to say that the other American realists may be supposed to endorse all Spaulding's doctrines. But, at least, Spaulding's book is the most serious and sustained effort to carry out the principles of the platform of 1910.

In manner, there is a striking difference between the two English books and Spaulding's. Neither Joad nor McDowall attempts to be systematic. Both write essays, more or less loosely strung together. Where Spaulding has mapped out his argument in meticulous detail, the two young English realists burden neither themselves nor their readers with much technical equipment. They discourse, where Spaulding argues. They talk, where he insists. Spaulding studs his pages with italics, until one almost seems to hear the iterative emphasis of a lecturer's voice, seeking to get at least his terms, if not their meaning, into the heads of his audience. How suave, by comparison are the English realists, how polished, how urbane. They need no printer's tricks to hold our attention and make their points. Nor do they commit such a linguistic crime as the verb "to thingize."

However, if Spaulding's manner is somewhat irritating, his matter is well worth careful study. Mention of a few of his fundamental positions will suffice to show how startling a challenge he throws out to rival philosophies. Spaulding accuses the whole philosophical tradition, prior to present-day realism, of being the slave of Aristotelean logic, the concepts and methods of which he takes to have been derived from physical things considered each as a self-identical substance in which qualities inhere, and as standing in causal relations to other things. Thus all past philosophy has been built up on the notions of substance and causation, instead of on the notions, developed by modern science, of event (happening) and relation. Here, then, is the first occasion for logical re-orientation. The second is presented by the success of modern mathematical logic in showing the derivation of systems of theorems from a basic set of postulates. This suggests the tasks of discovering the postulates from which any given philosophical system is logically derivable; of reducing these, if possible, to one body of principles common to all systems; and of establishing, or justifying, their rationality. This body of common principles, "logically present in every effort to philosophize rationally," coincides, of course, for Spaulding, with the principles and hypotheses of his own realism, and among them the specifically "realistic" principle that objects do not depend, for their existence or character, on being known by any mind whatsoever, holds a prominent place. But there is not only a neo-realism of independent facts, but also a "neo-realism of ideals." Affirming the "actuality of ideals," Spaulding rejects naturalism with its purely biological theory of human existence and destiny. He finds the true meaning of human endeavor not in a restless struggle for existence, but in filling life more and more with goodness, beauty, and truth—values which are "not subject to the stresses and strains of this slowly evolving earth and this starry universe," and which "though they cannot be seen by the eye of the body, are nevertheless revealed to reason."

Joad's essays range over subjects as varied as our Knowledge of Sensible Objects, Monism, Truth, Beauty, the State. The essence of the "commonsense" which he seeks to apply to philosophy consists in accepting the relatively chaotic appearance of the universe as the ultimate truth about it. The world is not a system, but a chaos. It is "simply a collection or aggregate of different things without apparent design or structure." Hence the traditional effort of philosophy to build a home for the human spirit out of the scattered bricks it finds, is beside the point and on the whole a failure. But Platonism rescues Joad from complete chaos. It makes him hold to the reality of universals—Platonic "forms"—such as beauty and goodness and truth. Like Plato (and Spaulding) he regards them as "known ultimately by the mind, and not by the senses." Unlike Plato, he calls them "as real as minds, as real as objects." And to his loss he is unlike Plato in not inquiring whether the universals do not among themselves form an intelligible system.

For McDowall "realism, in all its variations, seems to be the sense of actual existence; an acute awareness of it, and a vision of things under that form." His thesis is that the realism of art, in Flaubert, Dostoievski, Ibsen, and the philosophical realism of Alexander or of Holt are kindred manifestations of realism thus defined. Will this identification really work? "It is a joy to write, to be oneself no longer, but to circulate through the whole of one's creation. Today, for instance, man and woman together, lover and mistress at once, I rode through the forest on an autumn afternoon under the yellow leaves; and I was the horses, the leaves, the wind, the words that were said, and the red sun with half-closed eyes already bathed in love." Thus writes the realist Flaubert of his own method of composition. It is a far cry from this to the pre-occupation of philosophical realists with the object's existence apart from any mind to apprehend it.

The books of McDowall and Joad show how strongly the realistic tide is flowing in Oxford. Can it be that the home of lost causes has opened its doors to another inmate?

R. F. A. H.

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The Negro Faces America

The Negro Faces America, by Herbert J. Seligmann. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MR. SELIGMANN has written an interesting book, a generous, ardent piece of agitation, but its usefulness is greatly impaired by its failure to make good upon the pretences of its arrangement. The issue as to the evolutionary inferiority of the Negro, which, if it was relevant at all to his purpose, deserved thorough scientific presentation, is superficially handled. There is everywhere too much emphasis upon abnormalities. The steady progress of the race in many parts of the country, including large parts of the South, is touched upon as proving the stuff that is in the Negro, but entirely ignored in the writer's denunciation of the South for not opening up for him educational and economic opportunity. Mob outrages are discussed without an attempt to analyze them psychologically. And when the writer stumbles into generalization he usually betrays his inadequate mastery of his subject. Some of these defects are explained by his statement that his material was largely furnished to him by officers and members of the staff of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, a propagandist organization which no more than any other can be depended on for balance and proportion.

No one can deny that our failure to do justice to the Negro threatens to degrade our social fabric. The problem is one of supreme importance, and that fact places a heavy responsibility on those who attempt to handle it. It is doubtful that any good can come of such a passionate massing of inflammatory facts, no matter how sincerely and effectively it may be done. What is needed is discussion that will enlist the confidence and sustained cooperation of the white man, particularly of the Southerner, a book which will help us to realize that either we must pull the Negro up or we will pull ourselves down; that the task of the white man, not merely as a matter of humane duty, but of cold self-interest is to insure his own standards of mass self-control, of law and order, and of economic and cultural productivity by raising up the low-grade Negro; that the great strides of the Negro, notwithstanding his disadvantages, clearly indicate that responsibility should, in so far as may be practicable, be placed upon the successful Negro for dealing with the unsucessful and low-grade Negro; not only as teacher as he already is, but as truant officer, policeman, deputy sheriff, sanitary inspector, street commissioner, building inspector, commissioner of public safety, and as many another high administrative officer, local and state; that the Negro must, through political responsibility, be helped in a social sense to bargain collectively with the stronger white man for greater justice and opportunity by a process which will make Negro leaders interest themselves in lifting up the stragglers.

The writer's treatment of city mob outrages at Chicago, East St. Louis, Washington, Omaha and other places does fix, by downright line and verse, much responsibility for those nightmares of brutality upon certain named newspapers which whipped up race prejudice for their own immediate advantage. But in a broad sense to recount the brutalities of a mob in a frenzy of race prejudice following resentment over Negro labor competition or Negro destruction of real estate values is profitless unless the writer will do more. At a time like the present, when race prejudice is peculiarly active throughout the world, we might expect a responsible writer to avoid aggressive insistence upon race equality and the right of intermarriage, to accept a considerable degree of race prejudice as irreducible. He would then be less hampered in proceeding to a serious consideration of possible customary or statutory adjustments in methods of employment, production and housing which might reduce friction to a minimum.

The practice of robbing the Negro cotton tenant by Southern planters through the medium of the commissary, which Mr. Seligmann describes in his chapter on The American Congo is cold-blooded rapacity which cannot be excused on grounds of instinctive antagonism or interests prejudiced by the presence of the black man. It is an abuse involving no profound psychologic factors, and its correction does not demand the exercise of sociological statecraft, but only publicity,—glaring, unremitting publicity. And here Mr. Seligmann's treatment is thoroughly adequate. If there be anything in the traditions of the Anglo-Saxon sense of fair play, then this practice cannot long survive its public exposure. Fortunately, competition, the leveler of opportunity, has been at work calling the Negro North, where his status and the competition of traders protect him against this form of abuse. In the South, he is coming to have a certain scarcity value which may work toward the elimination of such exploitation. But the white leaders in the south-central states, particularly the newspaper editors, owe it to their class and the nation at large to throw the weight of their influence against it.

There are, however, hopeful aspects of the Negro problem, to which Mr. Seligmann has not given adequate attention. In parts of the South today, the Negro is not suffering sensibly or substantially from the sort of oppression and exploitation which Mr. Seligmann discusses as if it were universal, and is allowed education and opportunity which enable him to become daily more prosperous, self-respecting and influential. The Negro has achieved real progress, at least a basis to build upon. The group of problems presented by his presence in the United States admits of no simple solution, but it does admit of progressive adjustments,—both express and implied adjustments,—based upon facts as well as ideals, and resulting from earnest cooperation between the best white men and the best Negroes in each community.

L. B. W.

No. 26 Jayne Street

No. 26 Jayne Street, by Mary Austin. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

WHILE Fannie Hurst has been exciting American households with her program of two breakfasts per week, while Mr. Palmer and Mr. Lusk have been engaging in spasms over so-called "red" literature, Mary Austin has produced without uproar No. 26 Jayne Street, a novel which strikes at the very root of special privilege.

Neither socialists nor heresy hunters, however, will find the book especially rewarding. It does not advance legislation nor political platforms as means of salvation. It sees simply that neither suffrage nor prohibition nor economic independence nor bobbed hair nor any scheme of justice avails unless the Junker in man is exorcised.

Neith Schuyler, who is to learn all this, returns from relief work abroad during the early days of the war, before America's participation. She finds existence with her two socially impeccable aunts too restricting, and determines to take an apartment by herself in Green-

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wich Village. This modest revolt goes no further. The book does not waste its time in tilting at conventional forms.

Neith's experience abroad has made her American companions seem painfully shallow and unperceptive. Unfortunately her observation tower, like that of many novels on a similar quest, looks out for the soul of America from the neighborhood of the Brevoort. She discovers a decadent aristocracy, an exotic radicalism, with an admixture of the nouveau-riche successful business man. She finds more salutary elements, it is true, but these three types play a major part in the novel and are made to voice America's opinions on the war.

America vocal, one must admit, is not as impressive as America in action. We are, perhaps, like sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, but we have a modicum of charity also. America, however, or even sections of New York, has not as flat a voice as No. 26 Jayne Street would suggest. Whatever view one may hold of Max Eastman, no reader of the Liberator would believe him guilty of the banalities credited to him, or his counterpart ("the editor of the Proletariat") in this novel. The novel is impartial enough in making the conversation of the wealthy every bit as insipid as is that of the left wing.

The author, in fact, essays incompetently the occupation of a barker on a sightseeing bus pointing out New York to her country cousin reader. She tells where society lives, who are the leaders in the radical set, and so on. But in this she fails in perceptiveness and clearness of detail. No one with sound reportorial sense, could have referred, to take one instance, to the song "K-K-K-Katy" as "Katie, Katie."

One should not chide Mrs. Austin too much, however, for her somewhat blurred vision of the surface, since the greatness of her work lies in the much rarer faculty, which she possesses, of being able to focus on the inner significances.

Neith Schuyler's attempt to make something of a foundation from her experiences of the war gives her an attentive mind for the social theories advanced by her Greenwich Village neighbors. In the course of events she meets and falls in love with Adam Frear, a brilliant journalist from the Middle West who has made a reputation for himself as an exponent of liberal thought. He talks earnestly to her in terms both of love and justice. She accepts his ideas literally and looks forward to an idealistic marriage on the high plane of passion coupled with mutual respect.

Before the event she finds that Adam believes in his theories of inalienable rights for the mass, but in his personal relationships his fluent words are simply the new technique for the seduction of the modern woman. Rose Matlock, an accomplished sociologist, has already yielded to his persuasions, waiving the ceremony. He has tired of her and resents her asserting any further claim in what had been their mutual enterprise. He has assumed "a jilted woman was a jilted woman; one who took her measure from his desire. The law, a hurdle in the game. At all times a woman was a secondary thing."

Rose comes to Neith. What ensues is not the usual theatrical tantrums of a triangle denouement. Adam, to be sure, sees in it just such a situation. That is Neith's tragedy. Her grief is not primarily because there has been another woman before her, but because Frear had demonstrated his so limited conception of passion, and because he could not begin to realize hers. "If she could have somehow given him to understand that it was the pain of the other woman's pain that she cried for—"

The feminism of Rose and Neith is more destructive of Junker government and family authority than the battle-cries of Marx or the suffrage amendment. Rose, with the circumlocutions of the logical mind, and Neith with instinctive directness, sweep aside the glitter and fascination of cure-alls, demand honest dealing between man and man, man and woman, and woman and woman. They make this fair dealing the requirement for the gift of their love.

It is a ruthless book, merciless in its revelation of man's smugness, without false reticence in its protrayal of woman's hopes and desires.

Perhaps the pessimism of the novel is over-accented. It is true that there was not one righteous man in Sodom, it is true that the autocrats of today are varied and legion; but it is also true that Neith Schuyler met with an immoderate number of rotters. There are many people of her young generation competent and worthy to appreciate her conception of love as something challenging, beautiful, and, as it surely was for her, "terrible as an army with banners."

J. C. L.

The Release of the Soul. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: Boni and Liveright.

NE sutor ultra crepidam! Admirers of Old Mole and those who recognize the strength of Mr. Cannan as a satirist of modern life will be the first to regret this venture into the field of metaphysico-mystical discussion in which the author accepts "approving convulsions of the imagination" as tests of the truths shadowed forth symbolically by lines and circles and admits that at a certain stage of his discussion he "said good-bye to [his] intellect without a pang of regret." His book is a curious, largely incomprehensible and thoroughly dull rhapsody upon God and Nature, life, love and the soul. It derives ultimately from Blake [to whom it refers constantly and whose life is contrasted in a rather striking passage with the career of Napoleon] through the neo-mystics of whom George W. Russell is the leader. But it lacks the grand authentic utterance of Blake's visions and it affords no glimpses of an exquisite spirit such as are visible to the least mystically-minded reader of A. E.'s Candle of Vision. There are occasional passages of power such as the description [p. 47-8] of the "terrifying nullity of modern city life." But in such passages it is the keen observer, not the rhapsodic visionary, who speaks. But for the most part one must regret that Mr. Cannan has wandered so far from his appointed path and lament the waste of so much evidently sincere emotion.

S. C. C.

Contributors

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